

Just One More

He feeds his greed by morsels each day.

"Just one more," he insists. It's always just one more.

"Only one, I promise." he lies.

Reaching for the opportunity to enter the highest of worlds. The sweat beads. Rolls. Drips down along his forehead; the rush is commencing.

"No!" he shouts.

"Yes!" he beckons.

He slaps and paces and returns to the same old wooden rocking chair, and he rocks. The rocks, so small, so delicate, begin to enhance. A rapid captivation, a seesaw of motion.

"Why? Oh god why?!" he asks.

"You did this to me!" he affirms.

He achieved it, he arrived.

On the way down he slides, to the edge of the chair, to the floor below. Scrapping his limbs along the rough macramé rug. He says nothing more, crumpled like the balls of notebook paper surrounding him.

He wakes, cold and clammy, reaching through his pockets. He is ready to face another day, but he needs

"Just one more," he begs.

It's always just one more.